

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## From N. S. E. and W., It's All Good News, Sailor (And good pictures on the back page)

### Recipe for Laziness

THERE'S a lot to be said for the joys of England now that April's there, as Browning wrote in one of his lyrical moments; but for most of us ordinary folks, I imagine, a trip down the Bristol Channel on a warm July day in peacetime would take some beating.

And that's not so far off either.

The Ravenswood, released from her wartime duties of mine-sweeping, got a welcome cheer from sightseers when she came alongside the jetty at Bristol Docks one day this week, not shining black and white and gold, but a dull grim grey, as befits a ship that has had stern tasks to perform.

But it will not be long before she is ready to take on her ordinary business of pleasure cruising again, that is when the authorities release her and there is enough fuel to turn the old paddle wheels again.

Thousands of Bristolians and others living along the Bristol Channel are hoping that the regular sailings of this popular line will be operating again this summer.

And by next season great developments are promised in the way of channel trips.

Holidays at home may be all very well in wartime, but if your home town happens to lie within reach of the Silver Severn, what could be better than a lazy day on deck while a Campbell steamer rolls down channel to Minehead, Ilfracombe or Clovelly with a well-stocked refreshment lounge to adjourn to from time to time, while the wife and youngsters regale themselves with tea and cake at a really smart dining saloon on the main deck.

Anticipation of a return to those happy days will be revived by the announcement that, besides the old favourites, two new luxury ships, one for the Bristol Channel and the other for the South Coast, will be launched next year, in time it is hoped for the "season."

The first to be delivered in May will be a ship on the lines of the *Britannia*, with a speed of nineteen knots, and capable of carrying 1,000 passengers. It will be 245 feet in length with a beam width of 31 feet, and she will have oil-fired boilers.

There will be a cocktail bar on the main deck, too, for those of you with discerning tastes in liquid refreshment.

The other ship will be called the *Empress Queen*, of 1,000 tons, but she is to run on the South Coast between Brighton, Eastbourne and Hastings. Doubtless some of you who are lucky will make closer acquaintance with these ships by next holiday season.

Which reminds me that there's a rumpus brewing among some of the younger married women "directed" into industry, owing to the threatened extension of working hours to meet demands for increased output.

One public concern has asked its part-time married women helpers to agree to work to 9 p.m. on certain days of the week, while the extension of public bus services will mean longer hours and extra Sunday work just at a time when the women were expecting an ease-up of their arduous work which they have performed unstintingly during the war years. Some of our public spirited men are taking the matter up, and, well, the General Election is looming ahead, so perhaps the powers-that-be won't try to drive too hard a bargain.

E.J.G.B.

FIRST call of the day finds us at Norwich, at 24 Horning Close, Earlham, to be precise, where there is a big family waiting to greet C.P.O. GEORGE CARR.

But it was Betty, your greyhound, who met us at the gate—a nice, friendly dog.

No doubt about it, all the family are well; they look it, and laughs came easy.

Letter from Frank fighting in Germany came on April 20th. He reports fit and well. Steve, a prisoner of war in Malaya, is believed to be well, too. His wife and twins are O.K. So is Granny, who sends her love to you—she quite expects to see you soon.

Sister Lily is still nursing at the hospital, and says cycling to and from home each day keeps her fit. Certainly she looks it.

Gladys and Betty went into a huddle to think of a message. All they could think of was, "Tell him he won't know us; we are grown up." They are, too. You will be surprised when you see them.

Young Ronald was rather upset over the loss of his pigeons. They flew away.

Now he says you will get him some pigs when you come home, as he says pigs can't fly.

Vera, very shy, is, of course, still at school. Also learning to cook. Lily says so far nobody has died from sampling the cooking, they only stagger about. Seriously, Vera can cook really well, so they all say.

Your pal, Ken Burr, was home on three weeks' leave; now gone back quite fit again. Mother, as usual, is fully occupied looking after the family. She calls herself the unpaid servant, and is quite happy being just that.

When we all trooped outside for the photograph Lily's black cat came, too.

Directly he saw the camera—or was it the man behind it?—he bolted.

Your dog Betty had a good mind to follow suit, but she obeyed orders.

We went—all the way—to Manchester, in fact, for we had a date with Audrey. Audrey is blonde and blue-eyed and likes submariners, and so she should.

"Where's Daddy?" they ask Audrey; and little Audrey laughs and laughs, and fetches from the sideboard a picture

of Leading Stoker ARTHUR BATLEY. Then she kisses the image of the daddy she last saw when she was only six months old.

Audrey laughed, too, when "Good Morning" called to see her at 13 Elm Road, Crumpsall, Manchester.

Arthur, your young wife, Mabel, had more than a handful of trouble. She was looking after her sister's child, too, and young Geoffrey and Audrey between them can keep anyone on the alert. Your little Audrey is at the active stage now, Arthur.

She climbs furniture, runs around the house, bounces about with Geoffrey, winds the gramophone, and generally tries to organise things her way.

Bonny, bouncing, blue-eyed and blonde, she makes a lovely picture at eighteen months. It's a pity, in a way, that Mabel cleaned her face, smoothed down the curls, and removed the little green overalls Audrey was wearing to "knock about the house."

Mabel sends her love and hopes you will like the picture of her holding up Audrey for your inspection.

From Audrey to her oppo. When we left Manchester we took a trip south, as far south as Baldock, where our list told us there was a submariner living at 6 Clare Crescent.

Mrs. Carpenter, jun., opened the door to us when we called, S.P.O. ALLEN CARPENTER.

In her arms she carried a bonny, gurgling, wide-eyed baby.

When, eventually, we got inside, we were introduced to everyone.

Eight-month-old Allen is a really fine baby. He smiled at us and clutched at the locket with your picture in it that your wife wears.

Both she and your mother looked very well, and judging by the long line of washing flapping about in the back garden, they were not exaggerating when they assured us that Allen keeps them busy. They think it's about time you came home and gave them a hand. If you don't hurry, Allen will be needing that football!

Dad is another member of your family who is looking forward to your homecoming for a special reason.

Although he is getting on with the painting, he thinks he'd better have your help when it comes to the garden.

Meantime, he wishes you the best of luck and hopes to see you soon.

If all these requests for you to hurry up home have the desired effect, you might even arrive before brother Reg, who is expected home in June, and it's more than likely you'll be back in Baldock before Arthur, who's having a busy time right now.

Mum told us she often has enquiries about you from Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Foskett, who wish to be remembered to you.

She also told us that the Western Hills are looking particularly lovely, and only wishes you were here to enjoy them.

Grace and Allen send you all their love, and are longing all the time for your homecoming; and all the family at Clare Crescent join Mum in saying you simply must be home for that big reunion party she is beginning to plan for next Christmas.

From Baldock we went north again, and found ourselves in New Spring Street, Birmingham, at the home of Leading Stoker WILLIAM O'SULLIVAN.

Your two pretty young

daughters, Noreen and Patricia, were in bed together when I called. Your wife and I crept upstairs, and in the pitch dark I stood over them and took a picture.

Noreen woke up with the flash, but she never spoke, turned over, and went to sleep again.

Your wife had been up at Winnie's helping her to prepare bunting and flags that New Spring Street was hanging out on V-Day. Kathleen's hands were blue with dye. Dad is still in hospital, but he is getting on all right, and both he and Mum wish to be remembered to you.

Kathleen regularly writes to your people in Ireland, and she wants a holiday over there after the war.

She and the children are longing for you to return. Noreen and Patricia are always talking about their Daddy on his big ship.

Kathleen's last words to me were, "Please give him all my love and heaps of kisses to him from all of us."

More love and kisses come for another submariner—from Studley, Warwickshire. Yes, we do mean you, A.B. ROGERS.

When I called at Priory Square to see your wife, I found she had gone to your mother's home in New Street. So I went up there. The street was covered with flags; I thought you had come home. But it was Dennis Bolt, who has just arrived back from a prison camp in Germany. They say it is your turn next.

Your wife, your mother, Doreen, Clifford and Francis, were all getting ready for a big fish-and-chip supper. Dad was on night work.

"Well, what do you want me to tell him?" I asked your wife.

"First and foremost," she said, "tell him to cut off that beard before he comes home. If he doesn't, I'll cut it off for him. I just hate that beard. Yes, you can tell him I'll divorce him if he doesn't get rid of it. I know it looks very posh and all that, but I want him as he was."

So, Submariner Rogers, if you'll take a tip from a pal you'll shave off that fungus before you get back to Studley.

Mind you, Maureen's terribly in love with you, and she's just longing to take you round the village to "show you off." But not in that beard. Poor Sheila still can't make up her mind about getting married. The latest "flash" is that she is still undecided, so you'll have to wait for the wedding cake.

Young Francis is now walking, Clifford is still grumbling about school, and Doreen is still working at the needle factory.

Your wife has been away at Gran's at Wellsbourne for a few days. All the family there wish to be remembered to you.

After they had all sent their love and kisses to you, I left your wife talking to Doreen about your photograph and your beard. Well, here's a picture of them in the middle of the conversation.

Back now to Herts, to 123 Common Rise, Hitchin, home of E.R.A. AUBREY NOURSE.

It wasn't gooseberry-time yet, when we called on your mother, but she took us into the garden, and we can assure you that those bushes are coming along fine. Tended carefully by Mum when she is home from work, the rest of the garden is doing well, too.

The hens have been laying well, and a goodly number of those chicks have survived.

The young roosters are just making attempts at crowing, and by the time you get back one or two should make a good welcome-home dinner.

Your mother is keeping your fretwork machine well oiled for you, and she also admitted that she's made an attempt at greasing your bicycle.

She hopes she hasn't done the wrong thing, but says you'll soon know when you come to take those familiar runs into Pirton again!

There'll be a lot of friends who will welcome you back there—and also at the Hermitage Hall, in Hitchin.

Talking of friends, Mum told us that Bill Dolling and Jimmie both want to be remembered to you, and hope you'll all be able to get together again soon.

We called in at G. King's in Hitchin to see your father, because Mum said he'd probably have something to tell you. Sure enough, he did.

He told us that all the chaps at King's wish you the best of luck. He has, incidentally, added another pint tankard to his collection, and it occupies a place of honour on the window-sill.

Meanwhile, Aubrey, keep the mail coming, and—try to get home by next gooseberry-time!

The last call of the day was on a recently married submariner's wife. And when we say recently married we mean recently married. We caught them just as they were coming out of the church, as you will see if you turn to the back page.

As if A.B./S.T. JAMES VERNON HOGG, 22-year-old submariner, hadn't seen enough of water as he sailed the Seven Seas, counting the days, it had to rain on his wedding day.

The skies were grey and leaden when James, just home on twelve days' marriage leave, awakened on the great day, and it began to rain hours before the ceremony took place.

It pattered merrily on the pavements as the wedding took place, and when the young couple walked out arm-in-arm it beat down on the "Good Morning" photographer as he was taking this picture.

Out came the umbrellas again to make an archway from church to taxi, for cousin Myre Mussett had blue lace for her bridesmaid's gown, and cousin Kathleen McAvooy and friend Irene Carr both had pink taffeta.

The umbrellas saved Alan Munro, aged eight, and Hilda McCallum, aged six, white-clad page-boy and bridesmaid, from getting wet, too.

And when they got to Jim's home for the reception, in the big hall of the Gateshead L.N.E.R. Institute, where Jim's Dad lives and is caretaker, the bride, still radiant in her snow-white taffeta, her wreath of orange blossom and her veil—and all her attendants, had escaped the driving rain!

"Now we're going to get wet inside as well as out," joked brother Eric, the best man, as he began to pour out the whisky.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1





## LOOK OUT FOR THESE

### No. 3—The Vertical Grasshopper

IN summer time the long grasses of England's fields and commons abound with insects. No summer would be complete without the dainty, fluttering butterflies, the heavily laden brown and yellow bees, the busily building ants and—noisiest of all—the grasshoppers.

To us in England, the grasshopper is a harmless little insect, but there are parts of the world where it has been known to become a great menace when its food supplies run short. This is rather rare, however, and the grasshopper has not the same instinct for swarming as has its relation, the locust.

Although this class of insect is usually vegetarian, there is an African species which is carnivorous. In the Natural History Museum at South Kensington there is one which was caught in the act of seizing a mouse. This insect is the only one known that catches and kills a four-footed animal.

It is, of course, not the same size grasshopper as we have in England that manages this feat. Some of the insects measure as much as ten inches across the expanded wings, but nevertheless there is no alteration in their structure.

They all have large heads with conspicuous eyes and long hind legs, which are usually pressed to the sides of the body.

The female deposits her eggs in the autumn among vegetable matter or twigs, and these hatch in the spring. As the young grasshopper emerges, it expands and eats the skin from which it has come. During its lifetime the grasshopper casts its skin five times.

The greenish brown colouring of the insect helps it to merge very successfully into the landscape it frequents, and it is often difficult to discern among the grass until the noise it makes when it moves reveals its presence.



This chirping is caused by the rubbing together of the wings, or by the rubbing of the wings on the hind legs. It can be kept up for as long as a quarter of an hour at a time.

C. R.

### ALEX CRACKS

A man recently walked from York to London. A correspondent says he, too, accomplished about half the journey on his feet when a passenger got out at Peterborough and he nipped from the corridor to a seat.

Some old lags are said to get quite fond of prison. "Little brown jug, how I love thee."

It is said that we all have hidden talents. Heaven help us if the Income Tax assessors find them out.

## CALL US 'MR.' OR 'PAL'—WE DON'T MIND

IN a recent libel case the plaintiff complained that in a newspaper report he had been referred to simply by his surname without the prefix "Mr." The judge decided that "Mr." was simply a matter of taste and courtesy, and its absence could not be taken as defamatory.

We are not nearly so fussy these days about forms of address, but the common customs of to-day are interesting relics of the time when every man had his exact place in society, and this was clearly revealed by the way he was addressed.

"Mr." is, of course, a shortening for "Master," which in the course of time became corrupted (perhaps through association with "Mistress") into "Mister," in which full form it is still used at sea.

Master was a common title in the Middle Ages, and survives in Britain in many ways to-day. We have the many "Masters" associated with the Royal Household, the Master of the Horse, and so on. But office-holders truly entitled to the "Mr." would, unless they were members of the nobility, be addressed on letters, etc., as "Esq."

The many thousands of Masters of Arts and Science from our Universities would probably be surprised at being addressed by their full titles. The only other "master's" degree is in surgery. For other faculties, such as theology, music and medicine, the corresponding degree is "doctor."

It is interesting to note that specialists in surgery are always addressed as "Mr." and not as "Dr.," although the great majority have the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

"Mr." as a formal prefix of address remains in some interesting connections. For instance, the Speaker of the House of Commons is always addressed as "Mr. Speaker." The President of the United States is always "Mr. President." We do not use "Mr. Premier," but, on the other hand, it is always "Mr. Chairman" at meetings.

In the Courts of Law there are a number of "Masters" who are known as such—for example, Masters in Lunacy,

and Taxing Masters. The "Mr." always prefixes "Justice So-and-So" when a Judge of the High Court is referred to, and is the proper form of written address.

The Victorians were very snobbish about "Mr." and "Esq." as forms of address on letters. Very roughly, the division was taken by society to be that "tradesmen" and craftsmen were "Mr." and members of the professions were "Esq.," although few, if any of them, were entitled in law to the "Esquire" for which it stands.

The distinction was nicely shown in one surveyor's office where the instructions were that architects were to be addressed as "Esq.," but builders as "Mr.!" Some made the distinction of addressing a tradesman as "Mr." when writing to his shop, but as "Esq." if writing privately to him at his home! A doctor would pay his grocer's bill to "Mr. S. Smith," but send his own bill to "S. Smith, Esq.!"

Few people in these days have much tolerance for this snobbery.

More and more letters are now addressed to "Esq.," but I know one professional man at least who, by a form of inverted snobbery, strongly objects to being addressed as "Esq." instead of "Mr." on the grounds that he is not entitled to the "Esq."

Legally, in Britain, the only men entitled to be addressed as Esquires are the sons of peers and their eldest sons for ever, found that it only results in

the eldest sons of knights, noblemen of all other nations, barristers-at-law, J.P.s and mayors, holders of superior offices under the crown, and generally those created Esquires by letters patent.

It is interesting to note that while barristers are "Esquires," solicitors are "Gentlemen," a title that has altogether lost its meaning.

Esquire was originally a title as distinct as Knight. The esquire, in fact, bore the knight's arms until he needed them, and, in the days of chivalry, being an esquire was an apprenticeship to knight-hood.

But for a general turning away from titles, we might, a few centuries hence, find the "Sir" that marks a knight bestowed on everyone as freely as "Esquire" is to-day. Indeed, that has already taken place to a degree, and "Yes, sir" is used to many who are not knights!

Interesting, in Britain, is the use of the title "doctor." A very great many medical practitioners who are habitually called "Dr. —" are not, in fact, doctors, but licentiates, "Bachelors of Medicine," and so on. The title is one of courtesy and convenience. It is only in comparatively recent years that "doctor" has become associated with medicine.

On the other hand, thousands entitled to call themselves "Dr." because they hold degrees, de- Esquire are the sons of peers liberately avoid it. Many have found that it only results in

midnight telephone calls to come quickly to an accident or a sick person, which is annoying for a Doctor of Music or Theology.

Mr. H. G. Wells stated recently, when he received the LL.D., that he would continue to be plain Mr. Wells and not Dr. Wells. On the other hand, some notable musicians and ministers use the "Dr."—Dr. Malcolm Sargent, for instance.

Abroad, the degree of doctor in many countries is equivalent to the English bachelor degree. Hence the thousands of "Drs." we find on the Continent. In Germany, particularly, titles of any kind are much used—in Britain we should not dream of addressing a police constable or a stationmaster by his title outside business matters.

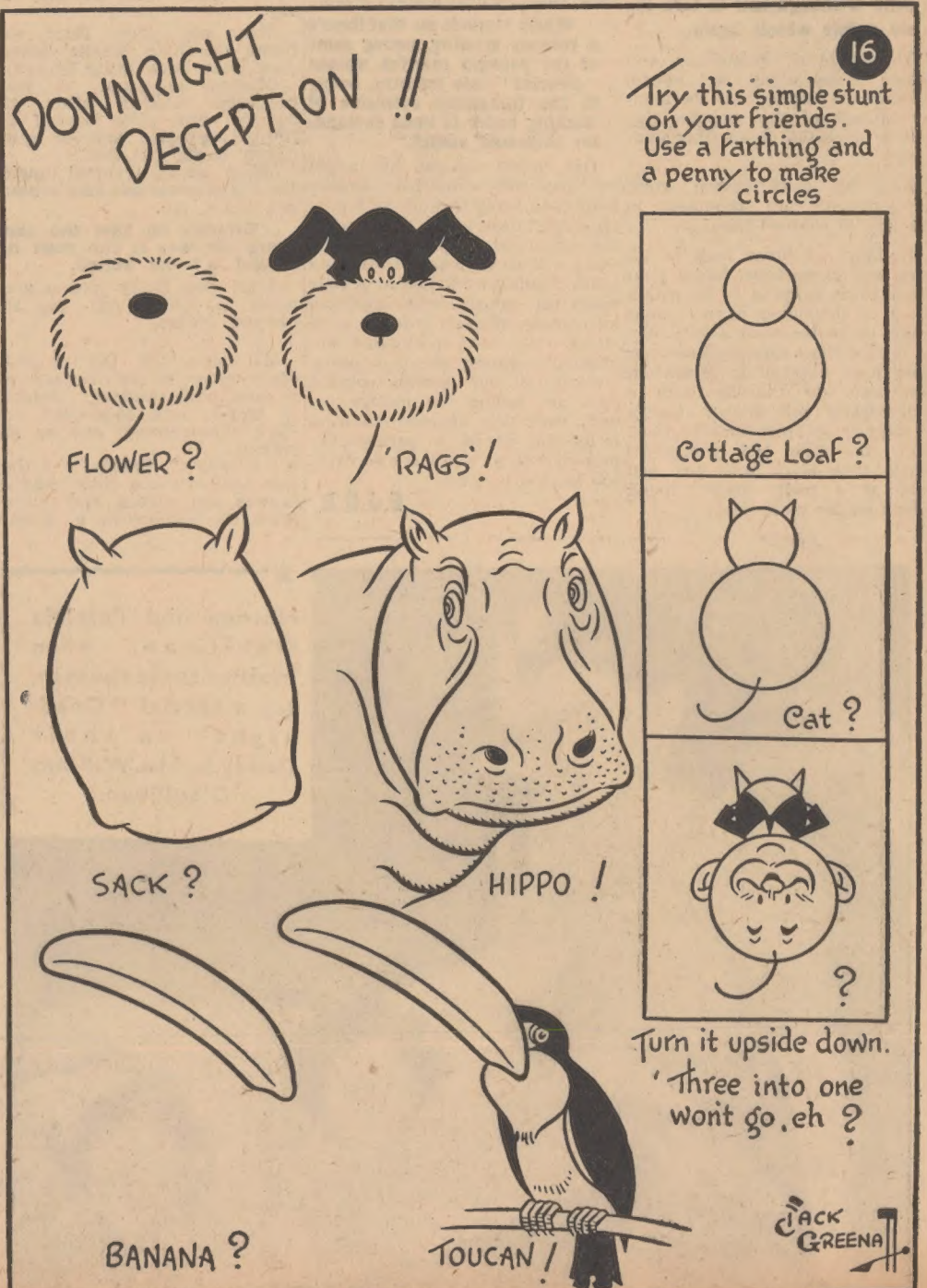
"Professor" is interesting. Anyone can call himself "Professor So-and-So"—as he can call himself "Captain So-and-So." The Professor should mark the holding of a chair at a University, but the title has always been a great favourite of swimming instructors, astrologers, and others.

Of course, if a man represents himself to be a Captain, R.N. or R.N.V.R., he will find himself in trouble unless he really is a Captain!

The title of Captain given to the master of a merchant ship is a courtesy one, but long-established by tradition.

J. M. M.

**DRAW WITH JACK GREENALL. NOT WHAT THEY SEEM, OR TWO IN ONE.** A plate of stunts to amuse your friends! Draw a flower, add head, ears and eyes, and lo and behold—dear old Rags! An old sack—a few lines—a hippo! A banana, a body—a toucan! To the right a diagram illustrating seeing is not always believing!



## Professors of the Underworld

Introduced by Stanley Jackson

TO-DAY, with so many people investing in antiques, crooks who specialise in cunning fakes are doing a roaring trade. All over the country this "Brains Trust" of the underworld is operating in workshops and laboratories turning out bogus masterpieces and antiquities that will deceive all but the experts.

Even art dealers are frequently deceived. The crooks contact hard-up artists and commission them to paint copies of old masters. Then the fakers get to work, often spending months to give the copy the hallmarks of age. The canvas is daubed with liquorice juice to give it that old browned effect. With great care dirt is distributed over it.

Usually, the signature of the genuine artist is forged, and the fake is put in a genuine frame of the period. Thousands of pounds change hands every year in the purchase of cunning art fakes of this kind.

Often they are impossible to detect with the naked eye. The crooks go to sales and buy up half-finished pictures by famous painters and then have them completed by clever but unscrupulous artists.

When an art dealer or collector is doubtful about an old master offered for sale, he takes a tiny particle of paint from the canvas and puts it under the spectroscope. He soon discovers whether the paint belongs to the genuine period or not. An even better method is to submit the picture to the X-ray radiograph. The "magic eye" will quickly reveal if parts of the painting

have been superimposed on the original.

Far less risky from the crook's angle is the faking of curios. Thousands of bogus Egyptian antiquities are unloaded on the tourist market.

A German doctor, eager for big money, actually bought a girl's corpse and spent many months transforming it into the "mummy of Queen Nitokris." He sold it for a colossal sum to a collector who, sometime later, was astonished to discover that the "mummy" was making its presence smelt in no uncertain fashion!

Playing as they do for high stakes, no pains are too great for the fakers. By the expert use of chemicals, manuscripts are skilfully doctored to look old and worm-eaten.

Crooks who specialise in this racket often buy two or three sheets of a genuine manuscript and, by the use of photographic engraving, manufacture several pages more which they sell at high prices. Skilled craftsmen also know how to copy precious bindings.

Anything can be copied, it seems! Scores of private collectors possess false Ming and other pottery which have been bought for large sums. Pottery-making has changed but little since ancient times, and the impudent faker has a wide variety of models to choose from.

Furniture fakers also reap a rich harvest. A common dodge is to buy a genuine antique piece and "break it up." The various fragments are cunningly worked into various imitations. An old lock is fitted to a faked antique bureau.

Velvets and woods of all kinds are chemically treated to give that "antique" touch. Grilles that look centuries-old may have been rusted only a few days before they are bought by the unwary purchaser!

The whole business of faking is highly specialised. There are craftsmen who know all about old ways of weaving cloth. A big racket also goes on in ivory carvings. It seems that the ivory is first treated with vinegar to soften it before carving. Then it is hardened by water and the "old" yellowness is produced by smoke.

Similar thoroughness goes to the fabrication of lace, fans and cameos of all kinds.

Imitation Stradivarius and Amati violins are also on the market, and they are by no means as difficult to fake as one might suppose. Old varnishes can be imitated, and it is not impossible to-day to find the exact types of wood used by the old makers. By dint of careful drying this wood acquires the aged and mellow appearance of the genuine article.

The experts study so-called "Stradivarius" violins with a microscope. They watch out for the peculiar rings made on the wood by the old makers and can detect the slightest variations in shape. Upon their sharpness depends the difference between a fortune and a term of penal servitude for the crook!



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THERE is still no decision forthcoming from the Post Office as I write on the proposal, voiced in many quarters, that Britain should issue specially designed Victory Stamps, but a concession to public sentiment was made two days after VE-Day with the introduction of a Victory postmark.

The new cancellation, which I reproduce in this column, consists of two swinging bells depending from a solid letter V, and in place of the usual cursive lines is the Morse sign three dots and a dash. This is, of course, only a souvenir of the big day, and I should say will not long remain in use.

I may prove wrong, but I think the Post Office will not yield to any pressure, public or philatelic, in the matter of commemoratives, and that there will be no Victory Stamp for Britain.



The argument that stamps are for postal purposes has satisfied successive Postmaster-Generals for more than a hundred years. Outside this purpose they are not revenue producing. In most other stamp-issuing countries—America, France, and Russia being outstanding examples—the stamp is used extensively as propaganda and for swelling the national exchequer.

In the issuing of commemoratives there is undoubtedly a good deal of exploitation: they are printed for the mugs and the mugs buy them. Nobody in the United States got a flag stamp at the post office unless they asked particularly for the issue; the ordinary citizen of Soviet Russia never, I understand, so much as set eyes on the numerous war stamps coming from the postal authorities, as they were, in fact, solely for export.

There are occasions—the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt in America, the King George V Jubilee in Britain—when a commemorative stamp is fully justified, and I think these legitimate issues are deservedly popular with collectors.

But I do protest when, as a philatelist, I am called upon to buy from some South American republic postage stamps honouring the centenary of the Co-Operative Movement in England or some milestone in the history of the Young Men's Christian Association. I'd just as soon invest my money in one of their gold mines.

THE regrettable practice of postmarking to order is coming to an end in one part of the world. The High Commissioner for the Western Pacific has said that there has been abuse of this practice, and that henceforth issues of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands and of the British Solomon Islands in particular cannot be cancelled on request in the Island post offices.



Allied Servicemen who arrived on the islands tried, when postal facilities were restored, to get cancellations by attaching stamps to postal packets far in excess of the postal rate.

Acting on instructions, the post offices cancelled only for an amount equal to the proper postal charge, and the rest were left unmarked.

Later, the rule was relaxed. Many thousands of envelopes bearing the full set of the current issue passed through the post offices.

According to the authorities, certain dealers made arrangements for huge quantities of the higher values to be presented for post marking. This alleged abuse of a privilege obliged the High Commissioner to forbid, in future, the cancellation of stamps above the ordinary postal rate.

It would be a good thing if postal authorities in other parts of the Empire would follow suit.

Luxembourg celebrated its liberation with a set of four "thanksgiving" stamps for Britain, America, Russia and France, the first two of which are illustrated here.





# Good Morning



Here's your Mother and Dad, E.R.A. Aubrey Nourse, both keeping the flag flying in Hitchin, while you are away. Mum says the hens are laying well, and there will be a fat cockerel or two to grace the festive board when you come home. We were lucky to catch your Dad when we dropped in at G. King's. He looks well on war-time rations, doesn't he?

## A PYRAMID OF GOOD WISHES FOR C.P.O. GEORGE CARR

Here they all are, C.P.O. George Carr—wishing you all the best from Earlham, Norwich. And they all look mighty fit, don't they? Betty, the greyhound, could not be left out, naturally.



Doesn't your wife look fit, S.P.O. Allen Carpenter? While as for baby Allen, he's the bonniest, gurglingest, widest-eyed, eight-month-old we've ever met! All were wishing you home again soon when we called at Clare Crescent, Baldock.



The subject being discussed by your wife and Doreen, A.B. Rogers, is that face fungus of yours. Seems to us that you'll have to shave it off before you come home—otherwise you won't get taken around to be shown off!



★ **TYNE-SIDE SUBMARINER GETS SPLICED** ★  
At St. Wilfred's Church, Gateshead, A.B./S.T. James Vernon Hogg was married to Miss Doris Welsh, of Acacia Road, Gateshead. It rained—as though James hadn't seen enough water!—but the bride and her bridesmaids didn't get wet.



Little Audrey laughed and laughed when we called upon your wife, Leading-Stoker Arthur Batley. She showed us the photograph of you which stands upon the sideboard—she always does when any one asks her where her Daddy is.